

## Unlikely Magic

When I got the news of my dying, the  
apartment presented another disaster.

Buzzed the doctor, assuming he re-  
ceived the same vile report "Ah yes," he

purred, "couldn't be worse." I  
can't leave this chaos behind.  
"Don't you have friends to lend

a hand?" Yeah, but they're not much  
into final trips. Knowing I'd never

be ready in time  
I'm refusing to leave.  
Period.

So the place still looks like shit  
and things stay lost.  
Amen.